

SONNET XLVI,



O SOON as peeping LUCIFER,
AURORA'S star,
The sky with golden periwigs
doth spangle; So soon as PHCEBUS
gives us light from far, So soon as
fowler doth the bird entangle ; Soon
as the watchful bird, Clock of the
Morn !

Gives intimation of the Day's
appearing ; Soon as the jolly
hunter winds his horn,

His speech and voice with custom's
echo clearing; Soon as the hungry lion
seeks his prey

In solitary range of pathless
mountains ; Soon as the
passenger sets on his way,

So soon as beasts resort unto the
fountains; So soon mine eyes their
office are discharging; And I, my
griefs, with greater griefs enlarging!

SONNET XLVI I.



SEE, I hear, I feel, I know, I rue
My fate, my fame, my pain, my
loss, my fall; Mishap, reproach, disdain, a
crown, her hue ;

Cruel, still flying, false, fair, funeral To
cross, to shame, bewitch, deceive, and
kill

My first proceedings in their flowing
bloom. My worthless pen fast chained to
my will,

My erring life through an uncertain
doom, My thoughts that yet in lowliness
do mount,

My heart the subject of her tyranny
: What now remains, but her severe
account

Of murder's crying guilt (foul
butchery!) She was unhappy in her
cradle breath ; That given was, to be
another's death.